

Illinois U. Library
THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



CONTENTS

<i>Sidney Robin: Economics As Seen Through Glassy Eyes</i> . . .	1
<i>Roland J. Stemmler: Techniques of a Dictator</i>	2
<i>James B. Allen: A Farm</i>	5
<i>Daniel M. Doyle: The Decline of Attention</i>	7
<i>Joyce Greenfield: How I Would Like To Spend a Summer</i> . .	9
<i>Margaret Boswell: Polar Expeditions</i>	11
<i>Mary Z. D. Holland: Cabbage Eaters in Utopia</i>	17
<i>Edward J. Croke: McCarthyism and the Republicans</i>	19
<i>Jesse Greenlief: An Experience</i>	21
<i>Milford Casteel: Life Can Be Beautiful?</i>	23
<i>Rhet as Writ</i>	24

THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for all full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, are published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

The committee in charge of this issue of THE GREEN CALDRON includes JOHN SMITH, ROBERT STONE, NEIL BRENNAN, STEWART DODGE and FRANK MOAKE, Chairman.

Economics As Seen Through Glassy Eyes

SIDNEY ROBIN

Rhetoric 102

I OFTEN WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO OUR ECONOMIC system if instead of using money we adopted drinking glasses as our currency. This idea occurs to me only when I am drinking and lately has been preying on my mind quite regularly.

When I am pondering this new economic theory, more revolutionary than Marx's *Manifesto*, several aspects of it please me no end. At these times I am quite taken by my genius and jot down little notes to myself on books of matches, beer bottle labels, cardboards from pizzas, or any other objects near at hand.

I would now like to record some of these memos for posterity.

On saving—"Glasses would circulate faster than dollar bills. People wouldn't save glasses because one slight jolt would cause a financial crash."

On buying—"People would be much more selective in their buying. No one would let glasses slip through his fingers."

On carrying around with you—"Just as we have different sized bills in our present currency, so we would have different sized glasses to denote different values. The largest glass could be worn over the head, thus eliminating the unnecessary expense of buying hats and also halting the spread of germs. Highball glasses could be balanced on the hands and shot or whiskey glasses placed on the fingers if the arms were parallel to the ground. More proficient glass carriers could place glasses all along their arms, with small glasses placed in the ears to shut out the clattering that is certain to result. Not only would this method dispense with pockets, but it would eliminate crowds and also eliminate the ridiculous habit of shaking hands."

On measuring wealth—"The method just discussed for carrying money would allow people to check the wealth of their neighbors without prying. Corporations would have a much easier time of it if they could measure their assets in glasses."

On trite expressions—"This system would eliminate several trite expressions because no one would be fool enough to say that glasses are the root of all evil or that glasses don't grow on trees. We would, however, develop several fresh expressions such as 'A man who pinches his glasses too tightly can be detected by the bandages on his hand,' or 'Glasses come to glasses,' which could eventually be shortened to 'Clink.'"

On drinking—"If glasses were used for money we would have to use money for glasses. This could be done quite easily by folding a dollar bill into

a cone. Instead of asking for 'half a glass' we could say, 'up to Washington's eyes.' More kindly people would ask for their drinks 'up to the mouth.' This would allow George to breathe through his nose."

As can be seen by the above-mentioned ideas, the glass theory is very plausible. It has one other favorable aspect, however, which cannot be overlooked. Most economic theories are very complex. The glass theory can easily be seen through.

Techniques of a Dictator

ROLAND J. STEMLER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

"Power corrupts. Absolute power corrupts absolutely."

FOR TWELVE YEARS I LIVED UNDER ADOLF HITLER, AND for two more years under Joseph Stalin. I grew up in a country ruled by dictators continuously since 1933. Contrary to expectation I cannot say that I suffered under these dictatorships or even gathered grounds to dislike them on a personal basis. I lived on the honey side of the two-edged sword of the dictator. The gall side, brought down by Hitler in 1939 on most of the nations of the world, has been discussed too often and at too great length to warrant repetition here. Therefore, this theme will describe the methods Hitler employed to gain control over Germany and keep that control; it will describe how he treated the honey side of his sword, and why.

In order for any dictator to succeed initially, a certain preparatory ground must exist in which his aims may take root. For Adolf Hitler it was the sick German economy of the Weimar Republic in 1923. Supporting a population of about sixty-five million people, Germany had seven million unemployed in its labor force of twenty million. A catastrophic inflation also ravaged Germany at that time.

Hitler first sized up the psychological needs of the German people, because the economic ills had produced definite personality frictions within the German people. He noticed how the nation searched for a cause of the economic ills. He observed that instead of investigating the facts—which would have been the intellectual approach—the masses preferred a scapegoat which they could attack with the emotion of hate. Prior to Hitler they hated the government, hated themselves, and hated the members of their families; in short, they harbored a diffused hate that had no particular fixed object but could be cast upon any real or imagined irritant.

Hitler brought happiness to this malcontent and confused people by establishing a well-defined scapegoat. He said the economic ills were caused by

one particular group of people—the Jews. This was a cleverly chosen personification of the factors and situations causing the economic sickness of Germany during that time. The Jews already enjoyed a bad reputation in Germany, and Hitler had only to claim that “he who steals once, steals again.” He was able to feed this nonsense to the Germans precisely because emotions answer to beliefs as well as to facts.

Having named the source of the German people's misfortune, Hitler did not fail to suggest the remedy. Like the Roman emperors, he promised the German people *panem et circenses*, should they elect him. Skillfully wielding these two weapons (the definite object to be blamed for the trouble and his solution for the problem), he won the German chancellorship in 1933 and seized power on January 10th of the same year.

The overture to his reign was the eradication of all political opposition. All political parties save the National Socialist Workers' Party were dissolved. Semicivic and semireligious organizations, such as the Masons and the Anthroposophists, had to disband. Hitler obliterated minor religious sects, such as the Methodists and the Nazarenes, religious groups in existence in Germany prior to 1933 and in West Germany again today.

The opposition to his ideas was now dead in Germany. Representatives of the opposition who refused to join Hitler disappeared into concentration camps, possibly to die there. Left in Germany were only the Nazis, their proselytes, and the masses, who did well under the new Hitler regime.

As a second step in fortifying his dictatorship, Hitler usurped all information media. His designates took over the radio, manned the newspaper offices, and imposed strict censorship on all that was published. In the censorship, Hitler's representatives not only confiscated material adverse to the Hitlerian ideology, but rewrote passages of history books in such a fashion that they brought only credit on Germany and the deeds of Hitler.

With the control of the news media and his own ability as an excellent orator, Hitler accomplished his first positive goal, i.e., to feed the Germans psychologically. He had already provided an outlet for their hates. By borrowing material from this and that philosophy, from sundry scientific sources and religious ideals, Hitler now instilled in the Germans the notion of racial superiority.

The Darwinian law of the survival of the fittest presented the next link in the chain of thought Hitler had concocted for the Germans. As superior human beings the Germans had now a right to possess not merely as much as their neighbors but even more.

The economic ills mentioned earlier, which Hitler could not remedy despite the killing and expatriating of Jews and the creating of mock employment through rearmament, supposedly had their solution in the exercise of that prerogative stemming from the German superiority. Thus, birth was given to such concepts as the quest for *Lebensraum*, i.e., territorial expansion.

Hitler continued to bolster the Germans' belief in their superiority and their invincibility during all the years that followed 1933. Furthermore, he understood how to make himself a personification of these beliefs. "As long as Hitler stands, we stand" was the axiom of many Germans. It was not long after Hitler had seized power until the Germans, long negligent in the practice of metaphysical religion, looked upon Hitler as a semigod. To them he had become omnipotent, if not omniscient. Thus, Hitler's hold upon the German psyche became tremendous. He replaced timidity with courage, fear with hate, actual weakness with a belief in strength.

A scientist, captivated by his research work, may reduce his physical needs to a minimum and still not become unhappy. His research satisfies his emotional needs. Likewise, Hitler satisfied the emotional life of the entire German nation. It is only on this basis that German loyalty to Hitler until 1945 can be explained.

In the practical application of his methods, Hitler began forming numerous organizations. He wanted uniform thinking in Germany and he accomplished it by strait-jacketing all Germans into organizations. There the Germans had to wear uniforms and listen to various versions of Nazi ideology. He had Nazi Kindergartens; he founded the so-termed *Kinderschar*, which took in children from six to ten years of age; there was the *Jungvolk* for youngsters from ten to fourteen; the Hitler *Jugend* encompassed teen-agers ranging from fourteen to eighteen; at eighteen the German adolescents had to join the *Arbeitsdienst*, an organization of manual laborers in uniform. Upon celebrating his nineteenth birthday, every German male automatically entered the German *Wehrmacht* (Army).

It is evident that from the time a German child first began to think to the age of twenty-one, he was under continual political thought bombardment. It began when the child saw his father using the Hitler salute. It developed when the child sang Nazi songs in Kindergarten, heard the heroic tales of early Nazism in *Kinderschar*, began military training in *Jungvolk*, and later went to mass political rallies in the Hitler Youth.

All these organizations were made very attractive to the German youth. For instance, the Hitler Youth had state-furnished motorcycles, horses, sailboats and airplanes. This generosity, paid for by taxes, coupled with the creation of certain thought habits to win the German youth for Hitler, not on a forced, but on a voluntary basis.

The German youth had a profound loyalty toward Hitler. The depth of this loyalty was illustrated by the last defenders of Berlin. The German soldiers had fled, and the "SS" had deserted. Only fourteen-year-old *Jungvolk* youngsters shot bazookas against sixty-ton Russian tanks.

In two main outlines I have tried to show how Hitler won the German masses and then won the German youth. Hitler's methods may not have been those of Napoleon or Caesar. These dictators belong to another epoch. But

for the twentieth century I was able to draw a frightening prognostic comparison in the Russian zone of Germany in 1946.

When the Russians came in May of 1945, they too began by first winning the souls of the Germans. Posters appeared, giving these words of Stalin: "The Hitlers come and go, but the German people remain." The first signs of a rift between East and West provided the Russians with their scapegoat for the Germans—the Americans. The Russians too established uniformed organizations for the German youth. And they too made a legendary figure out of Stalin, a man whom they pronounced an invincible hero, an infinitely wise man.

Today, Russia appears at the 1939 level of Germany. And I believe she bears watching. The honey side of her sword is ready; from that honey side, as in Germany, may grow the gall side.

A Farm

JAMES B. ALLEN

Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

I SAW A PICTURE OF A FARM TODAY. IT WAS A HILL FARM, with a long, winding road leading up to a big, lonely house set back in a grove of maple trees. The roof of the house was starting to cave in, and the yard was overgrown with cockleburs and jimson weeds. An old apple orchard behind the house was a wild tangle of underbrush and dead trees. A ruined barn and a gullied field completed the desolate view. The farm was dead.

It had once been a gay, prosperous place, with its widespread fields presenting a glittering patchwork pattern of green and yellow to the sky, and its wood offering a cool haven from the hot fields. Its inclined fields had lent it a quiet charm. It was a small boy's dream world and a grown man's paradise.

The first owner of the farm came in 1884 and built the big house and the barn. The nine inches of Marshall clay loam which covered the rolling fields made him forget their steepness, and he cropped the farm heavily, farming it exactly as he would a flat farm. The years were kind to him. His place came to be known as the best farm in the region. Year after year, he grew thirty-bushel wheat and eighty-bushel corn on the rich fields. He became the richest and, by men's standards, the most successful farmer in the area. But long before he moved to town his plows were turning up the red subsoil in his fields.

The next farmer fared worse at the hands of nature. Erosion had reduced the nine inches of topsoil to barely three inches, and the gullies were getting

too large to farm across. If he had been a thinking man, he would have considered the decision which faced him at this time. He could do one of two things. First, he could convert to pasture and hayland farming, thus saving his soil and increasing his future profits, although the first few years would necessarily be a little lean. Second, he could keep on farming in the manner of the first owner, planting grain every year, without giving a thought to conserving soil or planting cover crops. The first choice led to permanent prosperity; the second led to more immediate profits and a ruined farm. Perhaps the farmer did not realize the choice before him. At any rate, he either took or just drifted into the latter choice, and traveled down the road to financial ruin.

After the bank took over the mortgaged farm in 1924, there followed a long succession of tenant farmers, who struggled vainly to wrest a living from the barren hills.

The nine inches of topsoil was gone, and with it the last vestige of prosperity. Two generations of farmers had ruined the farm. It lay a barren, weed-grown place, unclaimed by any taxpayer, its big ruined house the only sign of former wealth. From glittering prosperity to irredeemable poverty in forty years! Such is the story of the old farm on the hillside.

The Johnson farm is typical of many in the United States. It represents a little greed, a great deal of ignorance, and not a little stupidity. It is the product of men who call the soil "dirt" and despise it as a thing good only for making money. Until all men realize that "soil" and "life" are synonymous, there will always be farms like the Johnson place.

RAIN

When the summer skies become dark and forbidding, and the hot wind rages with the fierceness of a tiger, the rain falls violently, crushing every leaf and blade of grass it touches. It beats an ominous, monotonous tattoo on the steaming pavement and pounds on rooftops with the violence of a madman. It may seem passionate, driven on by a lust for something unknown; it may seem angry, goaded on by the thunder's deafening crash and the brilliant flash of lightning.

As the storm continues its violent performance, the skies seem to send a message. I stop and listen to what they are trying to tell me. A bright burst of light illuminates the sky with a ghostly glow, and the clap of thunder that follows seems to shout "Beware!"

Soon, when the streets are rivers of turbulent water and the trees are heavy and stooped with the weight of the rain, the skies begin to clear. The flashing light ceases and the thunder's roar dies away in the distance.

Suddenly the dark clouds part and the blazing sun breaks through with all her splendor. The world looks clean and fresh and sparkles as a sun's ray catches a raindrop on a leaf and casts its brilliance everywhere.

Then the storm seems vague and far away; as abstract as a dream and as distant as the moon. But somewhere in my soul the thunder's roar repeats itself, and I know that it will come again and echo its eerie warnings throughout the skies, the warnings which no one hears—no one but the wind, the trees, and I.

MARILYN PETERSEN, 101.

The Decline of Attention

DANIEL M. DOYLE

Rhetoric 102, Theme 5

NOTICEABLE IN OUR WAY OF LIFE TODAY IS THE GROWING decline of attention. Devices to attract attention are becoming so extreme that one wonders if our sense organs are losing their efficiency.

Particularly is this true of advertising and entertainment as expressed in their common media, radio, television and periodicals. The trend is characterized by programs and articles the absorption of which requires the least possible amount of effort. The stimulus which appeals to the least discriminating of the senses, the eye, is assured success. The magazine article or advertisement that is not generously embellished with pictures or reduced to utter simplicity is likely to be unnoticed by the fleeting glances of time-conscious America. Magazines that cram their pages with pictures and relegate prose to captions seem to be most popular today. Even the heretofore unchallenged circulation statistics of the wordy news magazines have been threatened by the advent of news digests and digests of the digests. The significance of *Quick* is not only its compact size and compressed reports, but also its name. Quite possibly if the trend continues we may see a "Quicker" and ultimately a "Quickest."

A recent full-page advertisement in a popular weekly magazine displayed just three discreet stimuli, an automobile, the automobile manufacturer's name, and the page number. Admittedly, this advertisement was illustrative of the tasteful astuteness today exploiting sophistication and class appeal in promotion's name, but it demanded no more than a passive acquaintance with automobiles to be instantly attractive. It neither explained nor convinced, but it probably sold automobiles.

Unfortunately, this attraction-method has diffused from the advertising pages to the drouth-stricken pastures reserved for reading, but not with the same success. Most articles laden with gimmicks which inadequately masquerade for neon neither explain nor convince, and take a further step by not entertaining either. The blood-and-thunder sagas splashed across the pages of latter-day "Police Gazettes" appear to change only the characters' names and the methods of their highly lurid demises. Spillane, momentarily supreme atop the sadism, Scotch and sex heap, achieves his astronomical reader appeal with few words, but they are the same words repeated over and over again. The small lure to the intellect in "slick" magazines is often accomplished by keeping the home biases burning brightly with the fuel of such popular revelations as "I Was a Communist Spy for the F. B. I." Time was when such writers as F. Scott Fitzgerald satisfied and rewarded the predilections of "slick" readers. Now Rockwell, Chaliapin and Artzybasheff presumably satisfy this demand. In magazines we must be attracted, compelled and seduced by

vivid, screaming pages of design, color and a dearth of the printed word. The bids are for the scanning glance. Attention is unnecessary.

Radio, primarily intended for communication, would possibly have fared better as an artistic medium had it not ventured from the "da-dits" into the realm of entertainment. Because radio captivated only the ear and left the eye free to search for satisfaction in television, the parlor Cyclops now reigns supreme from its twitching black-and-white throne. Lee De Forest, one of radio's early perfecters, while commenting on the later applications of radio said, "What have they done to my child?" Although an important function of radio remains communication, the adulteration of network radio by commercials alone justifies his anguished query.

Radio's abundance of commercials, however innocuous or onerous, is essential for the financial support of the entertainers and the radio station itself. A government-sponsored system, such as is used in Great Britain, would probably not survive in the United States. The bane of commercials, under closer scrutiny, is that they too say very little but take an extremely long time in which to say it. Discretion once suggested a few basic arrangements of a tiresome theme. Apparently the mnemonic effectiveness of this proved worthless and led evolution to decree "Dad's Old-Fashioned Root Beer" and "L. S.-M.F.T." as examples of the raucous chants' winning results.

FM is the only remaining harangue-free medium of radio entertainment. The vociferous ware peddlers' attempts to pollute this purity have failed, largely because of that rare element, audience reaction. Deprived of this tainted nourishment, some FM stations appealed for support from their audiences. Although pessimistic predictions were made about the potentialities of such tactics, some encouraging responses were received. Notable among these were the solicitations and resulting support of WFMT in Chicago and WQXR in New York. Both of these stations offer seldom-heard and diversified entertainment, virtually commercial-free.

In a sense, these promising efforts, sparse as they are, might not have been possible were it not for television's attracting the bulk of those seeking hypnosis. With the advent of television, labor in the vineyards of radio proved somewhat unproductive for advertising. Consequently, commercials have now become the plague of television. The transition was easily made through the wonder of animation, a great boon to the action-attraction criterion of advertisers. In the entertainment offered by television, attention declines even more sadly. Adult shows run a well-worn gamut of panel shows, quiz shows, situation comedies and dog-eared dramas. (The salvaged movies merely assure the late viewer that his set is functioning properly.) Television has been successful but this success does not lie in the quality of its entertainment. Rather it is a complete circumambience of the viewer which provides him a valid excuse for relaxation. Evidence for this is in the oft-heard indictment, "Nothing gets done while television is on." This addiction has markedly influenced movie

receipts, book sales and the state of repair of many an American home. Programs having the slightest suggestion of intellectual content seldom last. If anything challenges the viewer, if he must think, interpret, understand or otherwise relinquish this sublime unawareness, he changes the station and watches wrestling until the invading threat has passed. The spell of the entrancing screen obviates all needs but the biological, and even they must delay their satisfaction until the station break.

A friend remarked once on hearing a selection of classical music. "That stuff would be great if it didn't take them so long to get to the good part." This "good part" is what inattention demands, abridgments of books, "popular" movements from symphonies, reviews of plays, synopses and short cuts *ad infinitum*. Time marches on—two hundred and thirty horsepower and getting better with every year's model. Attention declines and civilization reflects.

How I Would Like To Spend a Summer

JOYCE GREENFIELD

Rhetoric 101, Theme 11

THE BEACH — SOFT, HOT, GLARING SAND — THE GRAY-green water of the Atlantic Ocean with the salty, sudsy caps of its breakers. The sky will arch intensely blue over the curve of the horizon, and gulls will be white dots on the swells, or black screeches silhouetted against racing clouds. And I will paint all this.

I will paint the early morning when the beach is smooth and flat, gray and damp from the evening's tides, empty except for the queer tracks along the water's edge, and the black, oval shells, and the ridged, white, half clam shells, and the green and brown seaweed that will pop when squeezed, and the translucent jelly fish and the scary man-of-wars, and scattered among them, claws of crabs. There never seem to be enough crabs' bodies to go with all the claws.

I will paint the blazing noon sun when the people come. They anoint themselves with oil, buy ice-cream, wash off the oil in the ocean, smear themselves again, and play cards. During the week the only men are lifeguards and teenage boys. On Friday afternoon the fathers come. Their bodies are pale and sickly looking. Their faces are pink and their bald spots freckled. They kiss their wives and take their places as heads of the families by sitting on the beach chairs with their children and wives at their feet. They take their daughters to the boardwalk for hot dogs and pop, and play quoits with their sons.

I will paint the beach suddenly empty — the air chilly and pink with the setting sun. The trash baskets will be overflowing, the gulls will run, and the pigeons will waddle and peck at the hot dog bun crumbs. Two or three lonely, bent figures will canvass the sand with pointed sticks and cloth bags slung over their seemingly fragile shoulders.

The beach is cold now. The water creeps bit by bit over the soft hills and evens them. It licks almost at the feet of the bare lifeguard stands, and vainly tries to creep to the covered mounds of bench-chair cushions. A dog barks furtively and, with sudden courage, springs and chases the water back, only to howl with pretended fright as he emerges the dripping loser. The crash of the waves sounds louder now, and the white spray bursts high in the air. The sound is an irregular boom and then a gentle hiss. The air is tangy and sweet. You feel fresh, and clean and alive.

The sky throws its electric blue over everything, but little by little objects become hazy. Gulls wheel and scream and the pigeons have disappeared. The sand is damp and uninviting. The clouds are bleak—and up there I will paint a star. The ocean is gray and then the sky is too, and then on the boardwalk the lights go on and everything is changed.

ALL THIS FOR A DOLLAR

I gave the hotel desk clerk a dollar for a room, received the key, and proceeded up the dimly lit stairs to room 205. The key slipped grudgingly into the tarnished lock; after an instant the tumblers fell into place and the thin, brown door creaked open.

A neon beer sign just outside the window lit the room up momentarily and then flashed off just as quickly as it had gone on. I flicked on the light switch located next to the door. The undersized light bulb, as if in protest at being disturbed at this hour, cast a dull light about the shabby little room. The age-old carpet did its best to cover the dirty wooden floor. The carpet had seen better days and in many places it completely failed to hide the dirt. The walls were covered with a cheap, grease spotted, wallpaper whose dull flower patterns had long ago given up the task of decoration.

With the begrudging aid of the light bulb and the all too eager but sporadic help of the neon sign, I surveyed the room's furnishings. Directly across from the door, under the window, stood an antiquated, iron-framed, paint-chipped bed. The bed encountered little difficulty in occupying the entire center of the small room. To the right of the bed and against the right wall stood a thin-legged, straight-backed chair reinforced by wire and extra nails. The chair seemed to stand in awe of the large, six-drawer cabinet that dwarfed its fragile framework. Against the wall to the left of the bed stood a cumbersome faded brown chair. On the wall directly behind the arm chair hung a warped cardboard picture of an ageless old woman sitting in a rocking chair sewing.

It had been a hard day and except for the cracks in the ceiling, I had thoroughly surveyed the room. I decided to get the most out of my dollar investment, so I started to prepare for bed. I turned the light switch off, releasing the small, dull bulb from its demanding burden. I then turned the old woman's picture to the wall and quickly undressed.

I slowly eased myself upon the rickety bed, accompanied by the unmelodious squeaks of the bed springs. I was soon settled between the bed clothes. Under the attack of the steel bed springs, which effectively overcame the feeble defense of the thin mattress, the momentary flashes of the neon light, and a suspicion of unwanted bed partners, I retreated into the safety of sleep.

JAMES M. NEALON, 101.

Polar Expeditions

MARGARET BOSWELL²

Rhetoric 102, Research Paper

SINCE IT WAS FIRST DISCOVERED THAT THE EARTH WAS round, men have been seeking the answer to the riddle of what lies at the extreme points of the world, the polar regions. The story of the men who have tried to reach the Poles is one of courage, heroism, and daring far surpassing the best that fiction can offer. Even after the Poles were reached, these brave men continued in their undying efforts to make these cold and silent regions give up their secrets. Man's struggle to reach the Poles and his contribution toward greater knowledge of these regions, the "cold spots of the world," which offer a never-ending challenge and mystery, form one of the most interesting and fascinating chapters in the world's history.

Before explorers actually started making voyages northward and southward, there was no real knowledge of the polar regions. Concerning the Arctic region, the unscientific view was that "there was a happy region, north of the north wind, where the sun was always shining and Hyperboreans led a peaceful life."¹ The popular picture of Antarctica was of a fertile, green, lush land. An 18th century hydrographer, Alexander Dalrymple, predicted the population was more than fifty million. There was almost no realization of the intense cold.

(NOTE: Because of the length of this paper, material discussing Arctic explorations has been cut.)

From the first, more men have swung to the southern pole for exploration. This can perhaps be explained by the fact that the North Pole consists mostly of ice and water, whereas the South Pole offers ice and a continent. The South Pole is nevertheless one of the hardest places on earth to reach. Byrd, in the following passage, explains why Antarctica is so hard to penetrate.

The world is small and rapidly getting smaller . . . But if the world is shrinking it is because science is audacious and unsatisfied. And if the Antarctic has shrunk least of all, if it still stands aloof and hidden in glacial fogs, it is because the pack ice and the gales which defend its coasts, and the cold, and the blizzards, and the unutterable lifelessness of the interior regions are not easily to be subdued.⁷

From 1820, twenty-three leaders have made attempts to subdue Antarctica. Few were successful. The first man to reach Antarctica was Nathaniel Brown Palmer, a twenty-year-old youngster from Connecticut, who in the spring of 1820 reached the tip of Antarctica located at 63° 45' S. and 60° W. In his

¹ "Exploration of Arctic Regions," *Encyclopedia Britannica* (1951), II, 290.

⁷ Richard E. Byrd, *Discovery* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1935), p. 4.

both Poles. He added more details to the geography of Antarctica than all his predecessors put together. In his four expeditions to Antarctica, Byrd discovered 22 mountain ranges, 26 islands, 9 bays, 20 glaciers, and 5 capes never before seen. He took over 70,000 photographs.¹⁶ A new map detailing one-third of the continent was made possible by him, although the other two-thirds remain unknown. His philosophy and descriptions of the continent have inspired millions of readers who have traveled with him through his books. The following passage shows the strength, the character, and the beliefs of the man who has devoted his life to the science of discovery. Perhaps it shows why he succeeded.

When you look upon such things there comes surging through the confusion of the mind an awareness of the dignity of the earth, of the unaccountable importance of being alive, and the thought comes out of nowhere that unhappiness rises not so much from lacking as from having too much. Like Peter in *War and Peace*, something exclaims, though the words may not form: "All that is mine, all that is in me, is me."¹⁷

The estimated cost of Byrd's first expedition was \$750,000. When he had raised only about two-thirds of the necessary funds, he set out—destination, Antarctica; purpose, scientific exploration. He took two ships, the *City of New York* and the *Eleanor Bolling*. These ships carried five planes, ninety-five Husky dogs, a snowmobile, and large stores of food, radio equipment, and clothing. He was prepared to stay a year.

Christmas, 1928, found the expedition at the Bay of Whales, where they set up a village base called Little America. On November 28, 1929, Byrd made the first flight over the South Pole. The expedition discovered and mapped more than 400,000 square miles. On his return a special Act of Congress made Byrd a Rear Admiral.

In 1933 the depression was at hand, and Byrd found it difficult to raise money for a second expedition. He raised only \$150,000 of the necessary funds. When the expedition reached Antarctica, they had great difficulty in finding a path among the icebergs. Finally they reached Little America.

It was as if they had just stepped outside for a moment instead of nearly five years. As they entered the Old Mess Hall the scene they had left behind greeted their eyes. Dirty underwear, torn parkas, unmade beds testified to the hastiness of their departure. A coffee pot sat on the table, keeping company with a piece of roast beef with a fork stuck in it. The stove lighted immediately, and the food sitting on it was cooked and eaten. The telephone system they had set up still worked; the record player chimed out "The Bells of St. Mary's." But the most amazing thing of all was that the electric lights worked. The Antarctic cold had preserved everything just as it had been left. Time had stood still in a frozen village.

¹⁶ Henry, pp. 231 ff.

¹⁷ Byrd, pp. 194-195.

Scott established his base camp at Cape Evans. After he looked around, his fears of Amundsen's pulling ahead of him were confirmed when he learned the Norwegians were building Framheim, sixty-nine miles closer to the Pole. "Clearly it was to be a race for glory between two explorers and two flags."¹³

Amundsen started for the Pole on October 19, 1911. Scott followed thirteen days later from McMurdo Sound. Perhaps unfortunately for him, Scott followed the unsuccessful Shackleton's route. Amundsen started from what was later to be Byrd's Little America.

The two men's "plans of attack" were radically different. Amundsen followed the old polar tradition of Husky dogs and sledges. Scott tried motor sledges and Shetland ponies. The motor sledges proved useless; they bogged down in the snow. Three of his ponies drowned when the ice broke under them before they even started.

The same kind of luck followed Scott on the trail. While they were in the middle of the Ice Shelf, the weather unexpectedly warmed and for fourteen days they wallowed in eighteen inches of slush. Amundsen, with his four companions with thirteen dogs each, had exceptionally good weather. His trip was as easy and effortless as Scott's was hard and plodding.

On December 14 Amundsen reached the South Pole. He stayed for four days. His return journey was fast and easy and was accomplished in thirty-eight days.

On January 17 Scott sighted Amundsen's tents. The Norwegian had left a letter for Scott so that his triumph might be recognized if he himself perished.

Perhaps no man ever suffered a more bitter disillusion than did Scott at the South Pole on January 18, 1912. The proof of his rival's triumph was indisputable; Amundsen had won the race with less planning, less expense, less equipment. The Englishman could not understand, and did not when he died, how it had been done. For him the flag of the Norwegians was the banner of death.¹⁴

Scott stayed only long enough to fix the position of the Pole. (As it later turned out, this was practically identical with Amundsen's.)

With heavy hearts, the Englishmen turned for their base—800 miles of solid dragging on foot in the face of a screaming blizzard. They never made it. Eight months later their bodies were found frozen in a tent nine miles from a supply cache. Beside Scott's body lay his diary telling the whole poignant story and ending with the heroic words: "It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more."¹⁵

Then came Byrd. Admiral Richard E. Byrd is perhaps the most famous explorer of the cold regions ever known. He was the first man to fly over

¹³ *Ibid.*

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 91.

¹⁵ Lowell Thomas, "Fifty Years of Exploration," *Popular Mechanics*, 98 (August, 52), 97.

both Poles. He added more details to the geography of Antarctica than all his predecessors put together. In his four expeditions to Antarctica, Byrd discovered 22 mountain ranges, 26 islands, 9 bays, 20 glaciers, and 5 capes never before seen. He took over 70,000 photographs.¹⁶ A new map detailing one-third of the continent was made possible by him, although the other two-thirds remain unknown. His philosophy and descriptions of the continent have inspired millions of readers who have traveled with him through his books. The following passage shows the strength, the character, and the beliefs of the man who has devoted his life to the science of discovery. Perhaps it shows why he succeeded.

When you look upon such things there comes surging through the confusion of the mind an awareness of the dignity of the earth, of the unaccountable importance of being alive, and the thought comes out of nowhere that unhappiness rises not so much from lacking as from having too much. Like Peter in *War and Peace*, something exclaims, though the words may not form: "All that is mine, all that is in me, is me."¹⁷

The estimated cost of Byrd's first expedition was \$750,000. When he had raised only about two-thirds of the necessary funds, he set out—destination, Antarctica; purpose, scientific exploration. He took two ships, the *City of New York* and the *Eleanor Bolling*. These ships carried five planes, ninety-five Husky dogs, a snowmobile, and large stores of food, radio equipment, and clothing. He was prepared to stay a year.

Christmas, 1928, found the expedition at the Bay of Whales, where they set up a village base called Little America. On November 28, 1929, Byrd made the first flight over the South Pole. The expedition discovered and mapped more than 400,000 square miles. On his return a special Act of Congress made Byrd a Rear Admiral.

In 1933 the depression was at hand, and Byrd found it difficult to raise money for a second expedition. He raised only \$150,000 of the necessary funds. When the expedition reached Antarctica, they had great difficulty in finding a path among the icebergs. Finally they reached Little America.

It was as if they had just stepped outside for a moment instead of nearly five years. As they entered the Old Mess Hall the scene they had left behind greeted their eyes. Dirty underwear, torn parkas, unmade beds testified to the hastiness of their departure. A coffee pot sat on the table, keeping company with a piece of roast beef with a fork stuck in it. The stove lighted immediately, and the food sitting on it was cooked and eaten. The telephone system they had set up still worked; the record player chimed out "The Bells of St. Mary's." But the most amazing thing of all was that the electric lights worked. The Antarctic cold had preserved everything just as it had been left. Time had stood still in a frozen village.

¹⁶ Henry, pp. 231 ff.

¹⁷ Byrd, pp. 194-195.

Byrd and his men hurried to set up more buildings, more conveniences before the Antarctic winter came.

Time was everything, time was nothing, time was something that ran on and on, lacing the dissolving hours with the blinding pain of fatigue; there was no end to it, only a terrible penalty if you allowed it to get the upper hand. Yet time was always the master and you were its creature.¹⁸

In their race against time, the expedition added ten buildings and two shacks to the village. They installed more lights, telephones, and electric saws and drills. They brought rugs, good mattresses, movies, three cows, and a library. When they finished, the two parallel rows of buildings bore little resemblance to the first sparsely equipped Little America.

Then they settled down to business. During the winter, while the men at Little America prepared exploring parties to be sent out in the spring, Admiral Byrd established himself at Advance Base for the purpose of making meteorological observation. He lived alone for five months in a shack sunk in the ice ninety miles south of Little America. In his second month, just when he was congratulating himself that everything was going well, he was overcome by carbon monoxide fumes from his stove and was left in such a weakened condition it was all he could do to keep alive. He determined not to let the people at Little America know he was sick, however, for he feared they would risk their own lives in the Antarctic night to rescue him. So he said nothing.

Gradually he became too weak even to turn the hand generator of his radio set. Finally the men at the base began to suspect all was not well at Advance base, and a party was sent out. Three times blizzards drove them back. When they finally reached Byrd, he was gaunt and weak. His life hung in the balance for some days.

While Byrd recovered at Little America, three exploring parties were sent out in the spring. The first, the geological party, was a three-man sledging group sent into the Queen Maud Range. Their target was a geological and paleontological reconnaissance of the unexplored easterly reaches of the range. Four men comprised the Plateau party, whose purpose was to run a seismic and magnetic survey across the Ross Ice Barrier to the polar plateau. The last party was the four-man sledging unit called the Marie Byrd Land Party. They were sent on a mission of geological reconnaissance into the unpenetrated coastal mountains. All of these reports added to the knowledge of Antarctica's geography.

In 1939-41 Byrd's third Antarctic expedition tackled Antarctica. This one was sponsored by the government. The base was established on the same Little America site, and another was set up far to the east off the Palmer Peninsula. Extensive air and coastal surveys were carried out.

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 79.

At the end of World War II, Byrd started pressing for a fourth expedition to dwarf all others. The result was Operation High Jump, the largest expedition ever. Rear Admiral Richard H. Cruzen was in charge of the twelve ships and four thousand officers and men. The expedition carried a Navy helicopter and a fleet of the latest landplanes and seaplanes for photomapping the continent. Each plane would carry five cameras—one pointed straight down, two at 30° angles from the horizontal, one on the clock, and the other on the altimeter. These three-dimensional photos could then be put together to form a perfect map of the icecap where no human foot had ever been.

When they reached Little America, they found it had moved approximately one and one-half miles since they had last abandoned it. As before, they found everything perfectly preserved. They set up the fourth Little America, a tent camp with accommodations for three hundred, about two miles north of the old base.

On this fourth expedition, the group made twenty-nine operational and mapping flights, spending 220 hours in the air and covering 27,500 miles.¹⁹

This fourth expedition was also the occasion of Byrd's second flight over the pole. When he reached it he flew around it in a circle (so he could say he had flown around the world non-stop), and dropped a cardboard box containing the multicolored flags of the United Nations.

Besides Byrd, three other men deserve mention for their expeditions to the South Pole. Ellsworth, who flew across the North Pole, flew from the base of Palmer Peninsula to Little America in January, 1936. As a result of this 2,340 mile flight he laid claim to 80,000 square miles for the United States. This is the region in which American territorial claims could probably be best sustained if any dispute arises. Wilkins also covered a considerable area at the foot of the Palmer Peninsula. He commanded two expeditions and was associated with Ellsworth on three others.

On March 12, 1947, Finn Ronne, who had accompanied Byrd, went ashore with a party of twenty-three (including Mrs. Ronne, the first woman to step on Antarctic ice) on the western coast of Palmer Peninsula. Ronne determined by altimeter readings that Antarctica is a single continent, not divided by a strait between the Ross and Weddell Seas as many believed. He accurately photographed another 450,000 square miles for the first time.²⁰

So ends the story of the men of the past who have tried to reach the Poles. Exploration of the future requires not so much traveling expeditions as fixed stations operating for a year or more to investigate geodetic measurements, gravity determinations, terrestrial magnetism, Arctic meteorology, ice formation and currents, problems of biology, and conditions of life in the polar regions.

¹⁹ Richard E. Byrd, "Our Navy Explores Antarctica," *National Geographic Magazine*, 92 (October, 1947), 434.

²⁰ Henry, pp. 234-235.

Although the days of the long struggle to reach the Poles are over, much remains to be done in the future with polar expeditions. The story of the Arctic and the Antarctic is not yet completed. Men will continue to travel northward and southward to further reveal the nature and effect of these cold and silent regions. As one author so expertly comments on the South Pole:

Attainment of the mathematical point where every direction is north is no longer of any particular scientific interest, but the Pole will remain for all time a symbol of human courage and endurance.²¹

²¹ *Ibid.*, p. 82.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Byrd, Richard E. *Alone*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1938.
 Byrd, Richard E. *Discovery*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1935.
 Byrd, Richard E. "Our Navy Explores Antarctica." *National Geographic Magazine*, 92 (October, 1947), 429-522.
Commercial and Library Atlas of the World. New York: Geographical Publishing Company, 1949.
 Cook, Frederick A. *Return from the Pole*. New York: Pellegrini and Cudahy, 1951.
 "Discovery of the Pole." *Life*, 30 (May 14, 1951), 77-82.
 "Exploration of Arctic Regions." *Encyclopedia Britannica* (1951), II, 290-302.
 Henry, Thomas R. *The White Continent*. New York: William Sloan Associates, 1950.
 O'Brien, John S. *By Dog Sled for Byrd*. Chicago: Wilcox and Follett Company, 1934.
 Stefansson, Vilhjalmur. "Claims to Polar Discovery." *Saturday Review of Literature*, 34 (December 8, 1951), 26.
 Thomas, Lowell. "Fifty Years of Exploration." *Popular Mechanics*, 98 (August, 1952), 94-9.

Cabbage Eaters in Utopia

MARY Z. D. HOLLAND

Rhetoric 102, Theme 9

ONCE UPON A TIME A GROUP OF IMMIGRANTS FROM Cabbage Land settled in a country called Utopia. Cabbage Land had been so named because cabbage was a substantial part of the diet of the population. But a ruler of Cabbage Land had proclaimed red cabbage as the national diet, and the country's name was changed to Red Cabbage Land. Now, there were some residents of the country who preferred white cabbage, but eating white cabbage became illegal, and the white cabbage eaters were forced either to eat red cabbage or to grow white cabbage surreptitiously. The latter practice was extremely risky because the penalty for being caught was life imprisonment or death. As a result, many of the white cabbage lovers sneaked out of Red Cabbage Land at night and escaped to countries where they would be allowed to eat what they wanted. Some of them took refuge in Utopia with friends who had previously settled in that country.

Cabbage eating was new to the people of Utopia, and there were many curious folks who took it up as a fad. Some became confirmed cabbage eaters, but with most, cabbage eating was only a passing fancy that was soon forgotten. A few Utopians developed a taste for celery cabbage, which was a hybrid breed of cabbage, and some who didn't actually like cabbage made friends with the cabbage eaters and tolerated the cabbage eating habit as something a bit odd but harmless. Occasionally they would nibble at the vegetable as a social gesture, but they never considered radically changing their own diets to include cabbage.

Years after the first cabbage eaters came to Utopia, some immigrant red-cabbage eaters who still swore allegiance to the flag of their former homeland decided that a diet of red cabbage would improve the lot of the Utopians. They heard glowing tales of progress made in the red cabbage kingdom of their birth, and the leaders of Red Cabbage Land encouraged them to spread the gospel of the red cabbage throughout the world. They organized red cabbage eating clubs and made a concentrated effort to entice new members to help them with their ultimate aim of turning Utopia into a land of red-cabbage eaters. A few of the red-cabbage eaters got jobs with the Utopian government. The goal of these people was to hunt for fertile spots in high echelons of the government where they could indoctrinate officials with the idea that Utopia would be better off if its inhabitants adopted red cabbage as a national diet.

Very few Utopians knew about the work of the red-cabbage eaters, and those who did discounted their efforts as being too weak and ridiculous to bother about. This attitude prevailed until it was learned that a large country whose government was friendly to Utopia had been taken over by an insurgent group who forced the people of that country to eat Chinese cabbage. The name of this country was changed to Chinese Cabbage Land, and its new ruler was a friend of the king of Red Cabbage Land. Because the combined strength of these two kingdoms was of such ominous proportions, the Utopian government became afraid lest the red-cabbage eaters succeed in their efforts to make red cabbage the national diet of Utopians.

Because most of the inhabitants of Utopia didn't know the difference between the different kinds of cabbage eaters, a general alarm was spread to get rid of all cabbage eaters. The blundering, short-sighted efforts of the Utopians to rid their land of cabbage eaters caused a national panic.

The Utopians indiscriminately persecuted people who ate red cabbage, white cabbage, celery cabbage, Chinese cabbage; people who were friendly with cabbage eaters; cabbage nibblers; all relatives of cabbage eaters; Utopians whose ancestors came from cabbage eating countries; and anyone who had ever associated with a cabbage eater. The phobia even extended to include people who had unwittingly eaten in restaurants where cabbage was served.

This just goes to show you that even residents of Utopia can become cabbage heads unless they know their cabbages.

McCarthyism and the Republicans

EDWARD J. CROKE

Rhetoric 101, Final Examination

THE RETURNING HEROES OF THE KOREAN WAR WERE honored and rewarded by their country for their valiant defense of freedom in a far-away land. Our fighting men defeated Communism in Korea, and they deserved reward for their valor. But here in the United States, while the Korean war raged, was being fought another battle against the forces of Communism and its advocates. This battle still goes on, but America does not choose to reward the hero of this home-front battle; rather she heaps abuse on him from all sides and ridicules his best efforts. The hero of whom I speak is Senator Joseph McCarthy, and the battle is the fight to clear our government of Reds.

America's treatment of this great statesman has been deplorable. Let us examine the facts: In 1950 McCarthy began to take an active part in the Senate Committee on Investigations, and from the start he advocated a thorough and exhaustive search of all the employees of the federal government and of state-operated schools for previous or present contacts with Communism. After his investigation had begun in earnest and the thoroughness of his methods became apparent, McCarthy received his first taste of abuse when Vice-President Barkley called him a "publicity seeking dirt digger."

McCarthy's investigations *were* thorough, to say the least. In 1951 he called a prominent California educator before the committee, and when the man denied previous affiliation with the Communist Party, McCarthy presented a five-hundred page report dating back to 1929 which proved that the professor had at one time been an active Communist.

As McCarthy's anti-Red campaigns grew bigger and more spectacular, it became the style to ridicule him; Vandenberg, in his own party, called him a "chaser of will-o-the-wisps." In spite of much criticism, however, McCarthy did not relent and has not relented in his fight against Communism. As regards the publicity surrounding his investigations, McCarthy himself said: "Publicity cannot harm a good American, but it can make a good Communist useless to his cause."

Why should a man who is trying to rid his nation of an insidious and menacing threat be so treated by his own people? There is an answer to this question, and it lies in human nature. McCarthy is not dignified. Traditionally, politicians are supposed to be extremely dignified. Great statesmen such as Lincoln and Roosevelt preserved their dignity, and so, in theory, should McCarthy be dignified. Why though should a modern politician have dignity,

since Truman's slam-bang campaign and Eisenhower's informality were favored over Dewey's austerity and Stevenson's pedantry?

The American people like to follow the crowd, and so, if the newspapers and the politicians call McCarthy a clown, then the people will go along with them. Not all people condemn McCarthy's zeal, however. McCarthyism is spreading, slowly but surely. Americans, for all their faults, are a just people, and when McCarthy exposes a Red professor who is teaching their sons, the American people begin to see some sense to "rabid McCarthyism." The newspapers are also subject to a change of heart. In fact, the *Chicago Daily News* has done a complete about-face since McCarthy first began, and now is an ardent McCarthy booster.

Other questions may yet be asked: Is McCarthy an overeager politician, or is he not? Is he a good Republican or a detriment to his party? Let us consider, for a moment, the traditional Republican policy.

Republicans are conservatives; they uphold the status quo. Is McCarthy a good Republican? I think he is, for the status quo which he fights to maintain is a free and democratic America, an America in the hands of the people.

Is McCarthy an overeager politician? No! Rather, he is simply a loyal American. He is an American willing to sacrifice his reputation for his country. Were it not for such men as Senator Joseph McCarthy, a free America would not last long in a world menaced by the Communist threat. Although this man has been ridiculed by his people in the past, future generations will not fail to revere him as a perfect example of a modern loyal American.

SPRING

I looked out the window at the hill. It was spring. I ran upstairs and put on some old clothes. I could always think better up on the hill.

When I was about half way up the hill, I looked back for the familiar sight of Vineyard Hills Apartments up against Wheeling Hill in the distance, but I could not see beyond the tree tops. The greens were very green and the trees seemed to be straining with the weight of the new growth. It was very cool and damp under the trees where the sun could not reach. I had a wonderful feeling of aloneness there that never came in the winter time when the trees were bare and I could see the Apartments and be reminded of the others. The creek was racing to the valley with last night's rain. It made a spring noise. I looked at the ground and made a hole in the mud with my toe and saw a snail. Then I sat down in the mud and felt the wet seep through the seat of my pants and it was good. I looked down the path and wondered who would climb the hill next spring and hear the creek and see the green and the snail and feel the cool and the damp and the peace.

FRED S. PATTISON, 102.

An Experience

JESSE GREENLIEF

Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

ON A DREARY THURSDAY AFTERNOON NEAR THE END of August, something happened that I shall never forget. I was a life-guard for the Chicago Park District and I was patrolling a small beach along the lake front. The lake was restless, its waves roaring high up the sands. A stiff northwest wind cut through my jacket and made me shiver. At the beginning of the year I had been excited about my summer job, but now it bored me terribly.

I was walking along the shore, letting the cold, wet sand squeeze between my toes, thinking how I would hate to go swimming in that dark water, when four boys between the ages of eight and twelve came up and asked me whether it was all right to go swimming. I told them that it was really cold, but that did not bother them.

They tore off toward the beach house to change their clothes. When they came racing back, I was busy talking to a friend of mine. I watched as they played in the water. One of the boys had a small raft that he quickly started to inflate and to paddle around in the water. Since it is against the laws of the Chicago beaches to have buoyant objects in the water, I blew my whistle and told him to remove it. About this time the mother of the boys appeared, and when I insisted that her little boy take his raft out of the water, she walked up to me with fire in her eyes.

"What do you mean?" she said. "I paid good money for that raft and I mean to see that my son has some enjoyment out of it."

Trying to control my voice, I told her that there was a law forbidding the use of these things. She turned red and became furious. I lost my temper and said, "All right! Let your kid play with his raft, but if something goes wrong, it won't be my fault."

She made some insulting remarks and told her son to go ahead and play with his raft. I continued talking to my friend and told him what I thought of this "lady."

I watched the boy play with his raft, not realizing that he was going farther and farther out into the water. His head was bobbing up and down with the waves. Suddenly there was no head—just a raft moving crazily about in the water.

I tore off my jacket and sped down to the water. I had a tingling sensation all through my body. My mouth was dry and my muscles tensed as I ran through the chilling water. My heart was beating rapidly as I started to swim. I did not even realize that I was swimming. The water slammed into

my face. No matter how hard I tried, it seemed as though I was not even moving. I saw a hand go under the water about twenty feet in front of me. I pushed forward. I went under the water and tried to see the boy. It was useless. The deep water was so muddy that I could not see a thing. When I came up for air I noticed that two other guards in a lifeboat were coming to help me. I went down three more times. Nothing! My mind raced. No, it could not have happened in such a short time! I pulled myself into the lifeboat and tried to think. There was blood all over my chest and face. I had gone down so deep in that black water my eyes, ears, nose, and even my mouth, were bleeding.

Two hours later, Tom McHenry, one of the other guards, found the body. An underwater current had pulled the boy under to his death.

We took the body back to shore and called an ambulance. The boy's mother was crying. When she saw me, she walked up to me, slapped my face, and screamed, "Murderer!"

THE SUBWAY

I enter the car, sit down and begin to read the *Chicago Daily News*. But my curiosity is aroused by an old man in a shoddy overcoat and battered hat which is pulled down over his forehead. He has just got on and the stench of alcohol is beginning to permeate the atmosphere. His flushed, stubble-covered face shows no life, only apathy. A bulge in his pocket betrays his wine bottle wrapped loosely in a torn paper bag. I find it hard to show any sign of disgust as he raises the bottle to his lips quickly, almost desperately. He looks around jerkily to see if any one has noticed. I shift my attention to the other passengers.

I notice that paper-reading is the main diversion; there is little else to do, since the scenery is the same day after day. Still it is always desirable to have a seat next to the window in case the newspaper runs short of information.

Reading while standing in the crowded car, the passengers think little of their equilibrium so that occasionally a person is thrown off balance, landing on someone else and exchanging the customary apologies.

Usually, some people just gaze out the windows, heads propped on tired hands, while others study the floor. Across the aisle a virtuous secretary sits in stiff poise, legs placed together, hands clasped firmly in her lap, hat positioned smartly on her head, looking for all the world like a Norman Rockwell model.

More people get on and soon the passengers lose their individual characteristics; they knit into one indiscriminate block of faces. This bothers me little, for I'm beginning to feel drowsy in the warm, close air. I close my eyes and listen to the rumble of the wheels echoing through the tube. But my stop is coming up and I must get off soon. I wait for the large crowd getting off to disperse and then rush for the open door and the outside world upstairs.

Life Can Be Beautiful?

MILFORD CASTEEL

Rhetoric 102, Theme 5

TURN ON THE RADIO ALMOST ANY TIME DURING THE day and you stand a good chance of hearing a string of fifteen-minute melodramas called daytime serials. Each of these fifteen-minute episodes, often called "soap operas," is a small body of distress entirely surrounded by organ music.

The typical soap opera may open with a hospital scene, in which faithful old Ma Jones is being operated on for appendicitis, cancer, and indigestion. Then the scene will shift across town to a courtroom, where her husband is being tried for perjury, bigamy, and drunken driving. Just before the close of the program the scene will shift again to a dingy rented room, where her daughter is shielding an illegitimate child from the blows of a ruffian who may be either its father or the meter reader. At the end of all this the announcer will tell you that this is the program which proves life can be beautiful.

With all this misfortune, this prevalent air of disaster, why do soap operas entertain? Perhaps it would be better to ask, in what way do soap operas entertain?

We must first consider the audience of the soap opera. Soap opera is on the air from eight to five each weekday. As it happens, this is the time when nearly everyone who works is at work. It is also the time when most children are in school. The only large group with both time and opportunity to listen to soap opera is composed of housewives. The housewife feels that her job is dull routine, usually appreciated by no one. She feels that life is passing her by while she lives in the shadow of cleaning and cooking. She is eager for dramatic experience, even if it is merely vicarious.

Secondly, we must take into account the cast of the typical soap opera. The leading figure in this cast will be an attractive woman in her late thirties, and she will usually be more or less a housewife. She will have all kinds of adventures, both romantic and dramatic, all starting from a point within the circle of her life as a housewife. The intimation is that such adventure lurks just around the corner for all housewives. Around this central housewife-heroine will be several lesser figures. One of these is her husband. He is cast as a kind, strong, well-meaning man, who seems to be just a little simple. Or perhaps he is smart enough, but emotionally unable to face life without his wife's support. The other characters in the cast are incidental and serve only as the source of complication for trouble, adventure, and drama.

From a consideration of the audience and the cast, it becomes apparent that daytime serials are really stories for housewives, about housewives. The

fact that the housewives in the stories seem to live somewhat more dramatic lives than do the housewives who listen is no disadvantage.

Listening to someone else's troubles on the radio makes the housewife realize that her own troubles are really not so bad. When she realizes that Ma Jones' husband is committing adultery daily, she will forgive her own husband for forgetting an anniversary. When Ma Jones' son is expelled from school for peddling dope, she is happy that her own son only has low grades. When Ma Jones is on the operating table for three whole episodes, the housewife is glad that she only has sore feet.

Soap opera gives the housewife the feeling that romance is waiting just around the corner, if she should choose to look for it. When young Widow Smith is pursued by a long succession of debonair and eligible suitors, each housewife is convinced that she too might be so pursued if she were not now happily married. One program now on the air purports to prove that a woman can find romance even after thirty-five. Such programs give the housewife the happy feeling that it is not too late for her to be gay, glamorous, and romantic.

The nice part about all this is that the housewife is not really deceived. Her troubles are really not so bad, and it is probably not too late for her to be gay and glamorous if she wishes to be. The soap opera entertains her by reassuring and encouraging her. It may be that soap opera is like a huge psychoanalytic couch. Upon it the housewife can daily lay her routine-dampened spirit, and from it that spirit arises with a renewed sense of its own well-being.

Rhet As Writ

Since the temperature was ten below zero, the night was too cold to stay outside.

* * *

Our room seems to be like a public eating spot. The other girls are constantly coming in with their food and leaving their remains.

* * *

Gambling causes people to lose money and other things of value. Many people lose their heads when gambling.

* * *

Alaska is very rich in natural resources, some of which have not even been found.

* * *

This policy has taken a good foothold in the eyes of the Russian people.

* * *

Every Saturday afternoon, five o'clock comes around.